

PS  
1570  
.L5  
copy 2

FT MEADE  
GenColl

*Cattle Legends  
of New England*



HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS



Class PS1570

Book 45

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 20742

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





LITTLE LEGENDS OF THE  
LAND



✓  
LITTLE LEGENDS OF THE LAND

BY

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS ✓



THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY  
MACON, GA.

Copy 2

[L.O.]

TS1570

L5

Copy 2

Copyrighted 1930

©CIA 22271 ✓

APR 22 1930 ✓



DEDICATED TO  
MRS. LOUISA A. JEMISON  
OF  
TALLADEGA, ALA.



## PREFACE



These verses, embodying little legends of the land, for the most part, have been compiled from the columns of the Atlanta Journal, Macon Telegraph, Atlanta Constitution, Century Magazine, and other publications, and relate to all stages of their author's life in the field of light literature. The object of this republication is chiefly to preserve them for their local color, and for such value as they may possess as part of the history of his times. They will supplement his short stories, nearly a hundred in number, which are being gathered into volumes as collections; stories that deal with the romance, tragedy, humor and pathos of southern life against an African background.

THE PUBLISHER



# LITTLE LEGENDS OF THE LAND



## MACON

*Out of the east a star,  
Out of the morn the sun.  
Into the sunlight, one  
Silent to stand  
Looking down o'er the land,  
With his back to the Past  
And his hand holding fast  
To a flag brought afar,—  
To a flag lifted high,  
A flame in the sky!*

*Into the silence a dream  
Of a city to rise  
And fill  
The valley and climb  
Every hill!*

*Column and fountain and dome  
And beauty sublime  
Of flower and fruit  
And green swards to team*

*With the splendors of youth—  
Out of the silence a dream,  
Out of the dreaming  
HOME.*

*Out of the silence the song  
Of the axe!  
The rifle's crack!  
The clamor of battle!  
The echo of strife!—  
Into the silence beyond  
The fading away  
Of savage—  
Of the long, long day.  
Into the west its sun,  
Leaving a victory won,  
An empire begun.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*So was my Sweetheart born,  
Her feet to the kiss of the stream,  
Her lips to the rills,  
Her limbs reclined  
On the couch of the valley,  
Her pillow the hills.*

---

ON THE MOUNT

---

These verses were written on the summit of Mount Talemeco, which overlooks Camp Wheeler, with the city of Macon in the distance. The tents and bugles referred to were those of the Dixie Division, which soon thereafter sailed for France.

Macon, Georgia  
1918

The mountain crest in crimson glow  
Broods o'er the rolling plain below,  
And waiting here I see afar  
A church spire and the evening star  
And by the pines my little home.  
The ghostly waves and spectral foam  
Of army tents run o'er the slope;  
They mark a mighty nation's hope,  
Which soon across the warring sea  
Shall bloom, the flower of Liberty.

Hark! 'tis the distant bugle call!  
How sweet the martial echoes fall  
And rise and break and fade away  
Where beech and gum and stately bay  
Clasp hands above the mystery  
Of waters homing to the sea!  
Those mellow notes—they bid the true  
In still salute, to stand and view

A starry flag sink from the blue.  
And thrice ten thousand freemen lift  
In reverence to their grandsires' gift  
White faces. 'Tis a famous sight  
The dying day bequeaths to night.  
But I, on these worn heights of stone  
In silence wait and stand alone.

A church spire and the evening star,  
And drumbeats of an ancient war!  
Full fifty years have slipt away;  
There is a little boy at play,  
With gun of wood—tin bayonet;—  
With vagrant feather in his cap.  
Then tears of grief, and mother's lap,  
And moisture in that mother's eye;  
And whispered comfort, "Wait; not yet,  
You are too young! Forget—forget,  
You are not old enough to die!"  
The men in grey go laughing by:—  
The little boy, heart-troubled, mute,  
Stands by the way in still salute;—  
The gallant men go swinging by  
And they were not too young to die.  
For them fame's trumpets through eternity;  
For him the silent tragedy,—



To stand beneath the Southern sky  
Too young for Motherland, to die.

The drumbeats and the mother's fears  
Are hushed beyond the vanished years;  
The gallant men who went away  
Are sleeping in their tattered grey  
On many a hill, by many a stream,  
Enfolded in a finished dream.  
And now upon this hill of stone  
The little boy of yesterday  
Waits in the twilight all alone:—  
The little boy of yesterday.  
But time has clothed him, too, in grey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! now the evening star is gone  
And in her place a silver horn  
Hangs at the girdle of the west,  
And silver bugle notes are born  
That call the army to its rest.  
But, in a dream, across the sea  
The day dawns white. In Picardy  
A mighty army curves a shield  
Of valor 'round great Flanders field.  
They cheer and charge and charge again  
Through falling forests of Champagne;—

With flaming gun they smite the Hun,  
They smite him by the crimson Marne;  
By Belleau wood; across the Aisne;  
They smite him in the dark Argonne;  
They break his lines and rush between  
His veterans and their fiery screen.  
With flashing steel they smite the Hun,—  
Like lightning from a cloudless sky  
They strike, and still his legions fly.  
And now the North laughs to the South,  
“Here is the land of old romance  
And you are young and this is France!”  
They look beyond the cannon’s mouth  
And answer with the rebel yell,  
“For France we storm the gates of hell!”  
They look into the cannon’s mouth  
And laugh in scorn as they rush by,  
But where they pass the gunners die.  
And now the South calls to the North;  
“Behold the rows of little graves!  
And you are young, and mothers, slaves!”  
There rolls a mighty answer forth;  
The answer is the thunder’s peal  
That shudders over grim St. Mihiel.  
With flashing steel they smite the Hun;  
Like lightning from a lurid sky

They strike, and lo! his legions die  
And rot away from sun to sun!

As in a dream, across the sea  
Peace reigns at last in Picardy,  
And crimson poppies trace the shield  
That curved around the Flanders field.  
No more for us Thermopolæ,  
Nor ancient Rome, nor fabled Thrace;  
Our heroes are the lads from home  
Who wrote the records of their race  
Among the mountains of Alsace  
And called the lilies into bloom again  
In every valley of Lorraine,—  
Who gave the best that men can give,—  
Their blood, their lives, that France might live.

As in a dream across the sea!  
Ah, there was fame's eternity.  
And here the silent tragedy;—  
To stand beneath a fading sky  
Too old in God's great cause, to die!

## RONDELS—ROXILANE

## I

I quite forget, when Roxie plays,  
She has not practiced overmuch.  
She soothes me with her wonder-touch  
And all her little music ways.  
Her art's my jaded spirit's crutch—  
Her minstrelsies and roundelays.  
I quite forget, when Roxie plays,  
She has not practiced overmuch.  
Old Wagner and the rag-time craze—  
She does not seem to care for such;  
But scythe of Time and Trouble's clutch,  
And things I should regret, always  
I quite forget, when Roxie plays.

## II

I quite forget, when Roxie plays,  
She has not what you'd call technique.  
Old dreams, they are at hide and seek  
Beyond a veil of mist and haze,  
And soft sweet kisses brush my cheek  
Blown back to me from youthful days.  
I quite forget when Roxie plays

She has not what you'd call technique.  
Is it through June's or wanton May's  
Bloom-trellised bower, the perfumes leak?—  
Black vulture, Care, withdraws her beak  
From out my heart! To voice its praise.  
I quite forget, when Roxie plays.

## III

I quite forget, when Roxie plays,  
It is not yet the hour of sleep.  
My dream-bark drifts upon the deep  
And silken sails the angels raise  
To waft it where the fairies keep  
The broken dolls of yesterdays.  
I quite forget, when Roxie plays,  
It is not yet the hour of sleep.  
Prince, name for me the cradle lays,  
My soul's a-guess to sing or weep.  
Is it the winds or little voices keep  
Calling, calling through the maze?  
I quite forget, when Roxie plays.

## LEGEND OF THE OLD CANTEEN

1892

“Within a mother’s room, there hangs beneath a  
single star,  
Two sheathed swords in memory crossed, that  
were not crossed in war;  
And, swinging from their rusting hilts, the hid-  
den blades between,  
Held by a little homespun band, there is an old  
canteen.

A gray haired woman, standing where the sum-  
mer sun shone through,  
Told me this legend of two boys, whom poli-  
ticians slew;

“One wrote before the war-cloud burst, when I  
forsook my state  
I swore to guard the Stars and Stripes, to turn  
now is too late.  
The other looked on Georgia’s flag, and said,  
whate’er betide,  
I’ll battle for my motherland—and chose the  
Southern side.



“My soldier boy across the lines, a last farewell  
sent home,  
And blessed the choice of little Will: ‘Remember,  
whatso’er may come;—  
The words were blurred where fell his bitter  
tears between,—  
‘We still are brothers,’—and he sent to us yon  
old canteen.

“Its cedar sides were polished then, and bright  
the copper band;  
Will wore the day he rode away, the finest in  
the land.  
They brought him home, hurt in the side, the  
leather strap was gone—  
It turned the minie ball, that else had stretched  
him dead that morn.

“From homespun that my own hands wove, I  
made the other strap;  
Will watched me as I sewed it on, his head  
within my lap,  
And kissed me when the task was done, draw-  
ing my face to his,—  
Ah, sir, that hour, no man may know what such  
a memory is!

“When he was killed, they said he died a gallant  
soldier’s death.

But, oh! my name was whispered there upon his  
dying breath;

They found my boys at Seven Pines, my other  
son and Will;

His head was on his brother’s breast, and both  
dear hearts were still.

“The other sat against a tree, and smiling out  
afar,

Where in the east there rose at last in peace the  
morning star;

Around them was the homespun band, in blood  
upon its sheen,

‘Mother;’—’twas the toast that drained yon bat-  
tered old canteen.

“Well, I have learned to say at last that neither  
son was wrong;

And give to Marion the name my lips refused  
so long;

There was no war between my boys, and how  
could I withstand

The smile that met the morning star the legend  
on that band?



“I am not stone; must I uphold tradition’s heavier  
part,—  
Must I, who may not wield the sword, go sheathe  
it in my heart?  
Oh, Christ forbid; a woman hath her mission to  
fulfill;  
Though systems change, though empires fall, she  
is just ‘Mother’ still.

“Their trundle bed I’ve placed by mine, and often  
in the night  
I see their little curly heads sunk in the pillow’s  
white;  
And often, when the morning light grows gray  
upon the wall  
And winds are whispering in the trees, I hear  
them softly call,—  
I hear their baby voices call, and something all  
unseen  
Touches these old cheeks of mine, and stirs my  
old canteen!

“Oh, Christ, dear Christ! thou knowest all; the  
grief, the ceaseless strain,  
The silent tears that inward fall, and life’s un-  
ending pain—

All but the bitterness of loss that is the woman's  
doom—  
The last to linger by Thy cross, the first to find  
Thy tomb!"

She ceased, and through the casement wide I saw  
the sunlight fall  
On spreading field and distant hill, and heard the  
song birds call;  
And underneath a single mound beside a lich-  
ened stone  
That wore a crown of humble flowers, and kept  
its watch alone.  
She drew me to the casement wide, and pointed  
to the sod:—  
"One stone, one wreath, one grave, oh friend,  
and they are one, with God!"

So runs the legend, and this thought blooms with  
the rose today,  
'Twas human wish that God should judge be-  
tween the blue and gray;  
But still o'er them he sets his stars, and bids his  
sunlight fall,  
And, right or wrong, the heart of Christ is big  
enough for all.

“Oh, mother hearts, ye hold heaven’s love as the  
lilies hold its dew;—  
This Southern woman, heed her well, she read  
the message true,  
And if we take the word from her, while this  
dear land shall live,  
One wreath may prove we can’t forget, and prove  
me do forgive.

And when the vernal season comes, this sacred  
duty ours,—  
To help the old earth-mother hide, her wounds  
beneath her flowers!  
There is no war between the brave, who sleep  
beneath the sod,  
And so may living brothers leave the future unto  
God.

## A WARRIOR HORSE

I sing the glory of a warrior horse, Logan his  
name;  
Forgotten save by grim veterans in gray  
Who, following the red flags of battle, shared his  
fame,  
And came with him through victory and defeat,  
The long, long way;  
And by a woman, under the blue of Alabama skies,  
Who whispers memories, and smiles through  
starry eyes!

\* \* \* \*

Logan! Whence came the name? Was it of that  
great Mingo chief,  
Who fought the Indian's home-defending fight,  
His gallant life, so grandly brave, so brief,  
Lost in the darkness of Time's uncharted night?  
Whence came the spirit, proud, deep courage of  
the hero-heart?  
Not from plodding drawers of the plow, content  
with food and drink;  
Nor was he of meek slaves of lumbering vans  
a part—  
Not Logan! Him of the lifted head and dancing  
feet! I think

Th' unconquered mountains, freedom of the open  
plains,  
Spoke from the depths of his undaunted eye;  
That in his veins King's Mountain voiced a bugle  
call,  
And in his dreams he heard ancestral feet on fields  
of battle fall;  
And saw great Marion's men in the wild charge  
go by!  
Not Logan!—Behind him Balaklava, Waterloo,  
the far Crusade;  
The royal tilt yard; fierce Moor; the Cavalier of  
Spain!  
And Afric sands, with sun aglint on spear and  
circling blade;  
And swifter than cloud-shadow, and the pursuing  
rain.  
A Barb, out-speeding both across the level plain.

\* \* \* \*

I sing the valor of a warrior horse; Logan his  
name!  
Out of the Anglo-Saxon past of Robert Lee he  
came.  
And of Shiloh, by the great river, where Southern  
armies fought!  
And, through blazing battlefield, a great horse  
brought

His master; and message with vital meaning  
fraught!

From left to right, a glorious sight he came,  
An arrow shot along a sea of flame.

None halted him. Nor bayonet, nor shell, nor  
minie ball

Could bring the gallant warrior to his knee,  
Who out of the Anglo-Saxon past had followed  
Robert Lee.

He did not flinch, he did not fall!

But when the race was o'er, his journey done,

He stood beneath the sheltering trees

To watch the life blood from his deep wounds run.

Yet, ever alert, his noble head, when on the breeze

Came ringing cheers of triumph won?

\* \* \* \*

I sing of Logan; and the old plantation,

And a furloughed horse reveling in rich green  
grass;

And of honorable wounds, now healing fast;

Of arms full oft round his neck flung;

Of glorying in his presence, and his past!

To duty faithful! To love forever true,—

Logan, who swam a sea of flame

And brought the Master through!

\* \* \* \*



And now again grim duty calls. Old Logan's at  
the front!

His feet they beat on battlefield; riders in gray  
flash past,

Where Wheeler bears the battle's brunt,  
And Forest swells the wintry blast with thunders  
of the hunt.

And the years pass by; and few the battle flags;  
And few the southern heroes who still fight on  
in rags!

But with them yet, great Logan! his thinning body  
scarred.

Or wounded o'er and o'er; and out upon the grass,  
Waiting the last fierce threat of death to pass.

And then, one summer day—never to be forgotten  
day—

A down the dusty road, skeleton horse and skeleton  
rider come.

Logan, the unconquered, bringing the Master  
home!

\* \* \* \*

I sing of Logan, veteran grown old,  
Loving his folks 'cross the tall lot gate—  
Questioning with ears that cannot hear  
Master and Mistress, and children dear,  
Patient of fate!

And sometimes, at night when thunders roll, and  
lightnings flash,  
Breaking the bars to dash with blazing eyes,  
With flowing tail and tossing mane,  
And stand, head up 'neath the flaming skies,  
Answering the battle call again!

\* \* \* \*

And then the noon when the house was still,  
And the Mistress adoze in her easy chair,  
A horse's head crossing the window sill,  
And soft lips touching her fading hair,  
And a great frame slowly crumpling down  
Under the shade of a friendly tree!—  
I sing of knightly chivalry,—  
Of Logan, the faithful, the brave, the fleet,  
His devoir done, the victory won,  
Laying his life at his lady's feet!



BUTTERFLY AND MOTH

Beneath my casement ledge at eve,  
The lily nods her drooping head;  
She careth not enough to grieve  
For lover lost on wings outspread.  
He fanned her cheek the hot noon day;  
He stole the nectar of her lips;  
He spied afar the sweet cowslips,—  
He kissed her and he sailed away.

Oh, love of mine! oh, love of mine!  
Because it sets the spirit free  
The night to me is all divine  
And sleep is silent ecstasy!  
The wings outspread in search of thee  
Need never sun nor star nor chart;  
At eve they beat o'er land and sea,  
And fold above thy heart.

## AT THE CROSSING

Sailorman! sailorman! hearken to me,  
Your face looks out of a memory,  
The frame, it is broken, the moment is lost,  
But somewhere, friend, our paths have crossed.  
There's a racing sea and a lowering sky,  
There's a flaming soul and a courage high,—  
The frame, it is broken, the moment is lost,  
But somewhere, sometime our paths have crossed.

“Courage? Why Mister, you listen to me!  
I'll spin you a yarn of the Southern sea;—  
Ever look down in a terrier's eye?  
Look! It will teach you how to die.  
I've seen men drown in a bitter gale,  
I've seen 'em swept by a leaden hail,  
I've seen 'em choke at the end of a rope,  
An' slip from a spar with never a hope,  
But say, if you want to know how to die,  
Ask of the soul in a terrier's eye.  
The cheers an' the drums an' the bugle calls,  
They brace when the rotten spirit falls;  
The priest an' the nurse's cool, soft hand  
Are good on the edge of the shadow land—

But what has *he* got? Why, nothing at all,  
Does he hedge when he gets the final call?  
No! He is the hero of us all!

Old Bill's tyke was battered an' worn,  
A uglier terrier never was born;  
But say, in the depths of that critter's eye  
Was the lesson to all of us,—how to die.  
It was half way down to Manila bay  
In the tail of a storm on a winter day  
They slid Bill over the good ship's rail,  
No loss of steam,—no shortened sail,  
He went straight down in his mummy sheet  
An' hit the water at twenty feet.  
Just a weight to his heels an' a prayer over head,  
"God bless you, Bill." It was smallpox, they said.  
But that game little devil, that onery tyke,  
He saw 'im go an' he heard 'im strike,  
One jump an' he hung on the narrow rail;  
Not a look to the sky nor the swellin' sail,  
Not a look to the waves, half a mountain high,—  
Just a low soft whine, a dog's love-cry,—  
God! but I hear it soundin' still!—  
Just one,—an' he plunged to hunt for Bill.

Cries of horror—a jibberin' crowd;

Runnin' an' jumpin' an' shoutin' erloud  
 "Stop! Stop!!" "Turn back," "Oh, lay-to the  
 ship!"

An' a man with a check-book tearin' a slip!—  
 A diamond offered!—a open purse:—  
 Screams of a woman, an' a sailor's curse  
 As he broke from the bunch an' whistled an' cried  
 For the dumb brute friend of a pal that had died.  
 But the Captain dashed a hand to his eye,—  
 "No use! Too late! We've passed him by.  
 The muck an' the ruck an' the foamin' wave,—  
 No eye could find 'im, no hand can save!"  
 Tears? You're a liar! I wouldn't know how!  
 What are you after?—startin' a row?  
 Move on! move on! or you'll hear me tell,—  
 Tears? Where'd you come from?—Who'n the  
 hell?—

Sailorman! sailorman! hearken to me,  
 Your face looks out of a memory;  
 The frame it is mended, the moment, not lost,  
 'Twas down to'rd Manila that our ways crossed,  
 'Twas there that I looked in a terrier's eye  
 And saw him teach men how to die.

And I read that night in the captain's log  
 "Rescued a sailor who dived for a dog."

## THE DREAMERS

Dreaming! dreaming! dreaming! What though  
the race be run  
And no glory come to greet us, or the fight seem  
never won,  
The clouds are never conscious when the sun toils  
hot on high,  
Yet they keep his mem'ry grandly in many a sun-  
less sky.  
Ah! when Life's battle's ended, and her evening  
flags are furled,  
None 'neath them will sleep more sweetly than the  
dreamers of the world!

## A TOAST TO THE GEORGIA GIRL

Here's to the land of the sun and the rose,  
God finished it last and He called it good;  
He had fashioned it all, winds, waters and wood,  
In the heart of Himself, and He knows!  
Here's to the land of the rose and the sun,  
He blest it with life that gives and glows,  
And He said when the wonderful work was done,  
"It is good, it is good," and God knows.

Blue of the sky and the bluebird's wing,  
Red of the cardinal's royal cloak,  
White of the white-barred bird that sings  
The song of all songs, from the crest of the  
oak—  
Grace of the bending, beckoning corn,  
Voice of the thrush where the shadows rest,—  
He took from them all, and a babe was born,  
That laughed to the sun from her mother's  
breast.

Here's to the babe of the sun and the land,  
That leaped from the cot where destiny rocks;  
With lengthening limbs and wind-tost locks—



Behold her the answer to God's command!  
Joy of all history, born and unborn,  
Sum of all melody, music and mirth,—  
Here's to the link between heaven and earth,  
The star, the star in the path of the morn!

She came when the anchor took hold of the soil  
And the axe was laid for the cabin sill;  
She was here when the savage met conquering  
will,  
And she staid through the years of blood and of  
toil.

The holy Book on the shelf was her own,  
Her finger traced ev'ry immortal line;  
By the hearth's dim light, and a faith divine,  
She found us a way to the foot of the Throne.

Spirit of battle, behold her where  
The Souths red banner o'er bloody fields toss;  
Behold her when nothing remains but its cross,  
And death-wings beat in the choking air!  
The girl standing over her hero dead,  
Sings the chanson of war, to the shriek of the  
shell,  
And the gory flowers where he fought and fell  
In memory weaves for the soul that has fled!

Spirit of peace, behold her still,  
With deathless courage and undimmed eye,  
Planting anew with never a sigh—  
Building a state on a woman's will.  
And naught she loses that ever was hers,  
For she harvests it all in the souls of men;  
Though it seem to vanish, it will live again  
In the thought that thrills, in the deed that stirs.

For girl and woman are ever one,  
The keeper of life's far mystery;  
She lives in you and she lives in me  
And through us all her purposes run,  
Oh! blest is the land where the woman is true—  
The tablet of brass hath a season of grace,  
But she writes herself in the blood of a race  
And the years all her glories renew!

Then here's to the land of the sun and the rose,  
The immortal rose in the heart of man—  
Mother planted it there when his life began,  
Hid away from the winds and the snows,  
With crystal dew in a chalice of pearl,  
Here's to the fairest flower that grows;  
Here's to the wonderful Georgia girl,  
To the land of the sun and its rose!



LOST. 1907.

I lost my baby girl today—

“Dear friend beyond the radiant sunset skies”—

—Never will she return to me :

Never will her encircling arms surprise

Nor baby lips their winning smiles display !

'Tis not as though she sails a summer sea

To wander for a space : for she—

“Grieve not dear heart, death is sweet sleep.

“In that far land where all our dreams come true

“She bides, and faithfully fond watch she'll keep,

“Awaiting you !

Ah no ! Today she entered seventeen,

Let down her skirts to hide her slippers play,

Wrought up her hair, two vagrant curls between

In wakened Psyche's way ;

Saluted me with grave and rev'rent mien,—

I lost my baby girl today !

## ELIZABETH

(To a little Savannah Girl)

Who went with me one winter day  
To Isle of Hope across the way,  
And watched the little wavelets play  
Upon the river, out in front,  
Round sail boat, launch and little punt,—  
And helped me for the acorns hunt?  
Elizabeth!

Who sat beside me on the seat?  
Elizabeth!

And when I walked, whose little feet  
Kept time with mine along the street?  
Whose pretty eyes looked up, so sweet,  
When head and face and slender throat  
I sheltered with my overcoat?  
Elizabeth's!

Who gave me half her chewing gum,  
And set my heart to racing some,  
And made me perfectly at home,  
And more than glad that I had come—

And when we left the lighted cars,  
Looked up and kissed me neath the stars?  
Elizabeth!

Who is Elizabeth? Why, now!  
She's just the finest girl I know!  
I do not call her Lize, or Liz,  
Nor Lizzie, Bettie, Beth, nor Bess;  
Hers is the sweetest name that is,—  
My chapeau swinging to the ground,  
With whispered reverence profound  
I name her with my courtliest bow,—  
ELIZABETH!

## THE REED AND THE CROWN

To Sidney Lanier

Red Eric sat on his carven throne;  
His Queen was dead; his peace had flown.  
For love of her who lay in state  
His warrior heart was desolate.  
A shadow slept on castle and town  
And for many a league, the country round,  
The people's sports were hushed, and still  
Was the valley, and silent the mill.  
"Who knocks at the portal?" Red Eric cried;  
The aged seneschal replied;  
"A ragged one, your Majesty,  
His only weapon a hollow reed  
Through which he murmurs a mystic screed,  
He craves to enter thy castle hall."  
"Now by my crown," the king replied,  
Whose aching heart was sorely tried,  
"The beggar must come by the postern gate:  
He enters not here in my hall of state!  
Bid him go round by the castle wall;  
There sound, and for a menial call!"

Red Eric sat on his carven throne;

Except for grief he was alone.  
For his dear Queen lay in silent state  
And all the court was desolate.  
The armed guard stood with bended head  
From the courtier's face the smirk had fled;  
And into the eyes of the women there  
Were the gloom and the doom of a dark despair.  
"Who shouts in my courtyard?" Red Eric cried;  
The aged seneschal replied:  
"The wanderer came through the postern, sire,  
As thou in thy wisdom did'st require;  
His clansmen hear the song of his reed,  
And pledge him loud in the sparkling mead!  
For he wakens the music their childhood knew—  
Songs of their youth when hearts were true,  
And such is his wonderful minstrelsy,  
Each stands again by his mother's knee,  
Or hears the maid to the cattle call,  
Or the lark's song down from the heavens fall!"

Red Eric stepped from his carven throne,  
And silence reigned in the hall of stone;  
The silence that waits on a monarch's will  
When the power is there to save or to kill;  
The armed guard lifted his bended head;  
On the courtier's face was the shadow of dread;

And waited all, with their eyes on him:  
What now, Red Eric's newborn whim?  
"Bring hither the beggar!" he gave command;  
"There, by the portal, bid him to stand!  
And fails he here to waken my past,  
By the Cross of the Christ, the hour's his last!"  
The wanderer came slowly, all undismayed,  
And, lifting his reed, a song he played,  
Of a man's mad dream and a maiden fair,  
Of the glinting lights in her fragrant hair,  
Of red lips that clung in a rapture wild,  
Of a young mother's croon to her lily child,  
Of a white spirit fled into realms above—  
A wistful, wonderful song of love.  
Red Eric trembled as there he stood,  
His vision drowned in a rushing flood;  
And those who gazed saw a wonderful thing—  
Tears on the beard of their fierce king.  
Then quick he plucked from his royal head  
His crown of jewels, white, green and red;  
The fires of youth flashed back to his eyes,  
Like a day's last flame in the winter skies.  
Gone was the bite of his bitter pride,  
When he stood by the drooping wanderer's side,  
And the sudden sun through a casement broke  
With the gift of a smile and a radiant cloak.



“Behold!” he said, “Thou art King of Song,  
A king shall lighten thine ancient wrong!  
Not one hour could my scepter hold fast,  
Yet thou in a reed can’st imprison the past!”  
He fain would have crowned the bended head,  
But the minstrel sank to the pavement, dead;  
And the king’s fool, parting the raiment laughed,  
That deep in his breast was a broken shaft!

Red Eric bent low o’er the sad white face,  
One sacred spot in that wilful place.  
Wondering, he touched the death-dewed hair;  
It was maiden fine, and the brow it was fair;  
Wondering, the hand that at last had freed,  
From gentle slavery, the reed.  
That silent reed to his own lips he pressed,  
And laid it back on the wanderer’s breast;  
“No beggar is this,” he whispered at last;  
“Unravel the mystery; read me his past!”  
A greybeard who came by the inner way  
Deep reverence made: “Thy pardon, I pray,  
O gracious King! for many a year  
The whole world has held this wanderer dear!  
To the mighty of earth he was welcome guest;  
The peasant’s cot gave him greeting and rest;  
For he wakened the dreams that forever will start



When man listens back to the earth-mother's  
heart!  
And the music that now thy memory thrills  
Is the sigh of thy valleys, the song of thy hills!"

*L'Envoi*

O! Prince, for'er in a foreign land,  
Our singers are blessed with the outstretched hand.  
And forever at home, 'tis the postern gate,  
And a crown, when dead in the halls of state!  
And ever the lips of the wise fools part,  
In mirth for the crown and a broken heart!  
God pity them all, in their poor blind need!  
But who will awaken that hollow reed!

## PELHAM

Upon his sword in hero sleep he lay,  
Him for whom the world had held its breath.  
A stately whiteness swept his noble brow,  
A soldier dead, and still a boy, in death.

The tribute-tear slips from the watcher's eye,  
Into the shrouding moonlight on his bed  
As down the startled land there rings the cry,  
"Pelham! Pelham, too, is dead!"

And Alabama shuddered in the night and slept,  
Till morn on whitened wings rose from the east,  
And men with whitened faces came and wept  
And stood like risen drunkards round a broken  
feast.

And heard the legend:—how the hero heart  
Echoed the comrade call from balanced strife;  
How rode he, grandly, down the battle slope  
And smiling laid within God's hand, his life.

## THE GRAY BARD ON MY TREE

They mock, who call thee mocker, bird,  
My fond one silver-noted;  
Thine is the master minstrelsy—  
Thou art just rapture-throated  
With songs that save for thee were lost!  
By thy great art safe-crafted  
The voices of an Eden morn  
Are to our noontime wafted.

Lo! when the lordly sun has passed,  
The dreamless depths of heaven  
Wear in their silent solitudes  
The gems their God has given:  
And when thy matchless song is hushed,  
Each marveling technician  
Within the wood, repeats some note  
Of thine, my gray musician.

We write them dead, the winged sprites  
Of unknown hue and feather;  
Race, tribe, and form all vanished, quite—  
As from the highland heather  
The heroes of ten thousand fights

Beneath their plaids are folded,  
The hands that grasped the sword hilts,  
And hilts, in dust long molded;

But by the cot and castle door,  
A gray bard chants their story,  
And strikes a harp to unwrit songs  
That thrill with Celtic glory.  
And thou, gray bard, the wind harp by,  
Across Time's haps and chances  
Dost bring the golden melodies  
And all the old romances!

I've heard thee in the moonlit pine  
Sing oftimes low and tender,  
As of some dove-eyed Juliet.  
In ancient feather-splendor  
Astride a twig with Romeo,  
Their sad souls there complaining  
The moon was failing them too soon,  
And naught the dawn restraining.

And from the pliant elm tree's bough,  
How oft thy laughter caroled,  
At deed of eagle Lochinvar  
Or maybe jaybird Harold!

And many a time I've seen thee bow,  
With wings like elbows setting,  
And caught thy songs of one who moved  
In ancient minueting!

What time the spring was greening on  
The joyous fields awaiting,  
And all the world was smiling out,  
And lovers shy were mating,  
I've drunk thy softest song afloat;  
Nor Sappho in her glory  
E'er sang of love so sweet, I ween,  
As that which themed thy story!

But changed the note when home was built—  
The vulgar call it mocking,  
Because thou'dst sing old lullabies  
When midnight breeze was rocking,—  
And none might know, that oftimes there,  
When silent mate was swinging,  
Thou'dst soothe her fears and keep awake  
The olden ballads singing!

Mockbird, indeed! Great teacher, thou,  
Each awkward neighbor twitting—  
Measuring bars for learning ones,

To small throats low strains fitting;  
Correcting here, repeating there,  
As needs must singing master,  
And praised be God! it costs us not  
So much as one piastre!

## VULTURE AND SHADOW

All the day long, we roam, we roam,  
My shadow fleet and I;  
His is the way of the land and the sea,  
And mine is the sun and the sky.  
But when the call of death leaps up  
My airy flight to greet,  
As friends around the feast and the board,  
We meet! we meet! we meet!

Ah! none can read the signs we read,  
No eye may fathom the gales—  
No tongue may whisper our secret deed,  
For dead men tell no tales.  
The spot on the plains is leagues away,  
But our wings are broad and fleet—  
The wave-tost mote in the eye of the day  
Is far, but we meet! we meet!

The voice of the battle is haste! oh haste!  
And down the wind we speed:—  
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep—  
We search the rank seaweed.  
The maid she lists all the livelong day,



For the fall of her lover's feet,—  
She wonders to see us speeding by,—  
She would die, if she saw us meet!

L'Envoi

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,  
Leaving no mark on the land or the sky,  
The double circles are all complete,—  
At the bedside of death, we meet! we meet!

## A GRAND OLD GENTLEMAN

(1881)

I see him oft upon the street  
In simple garb arrayed;  
The suit is black, the coat swings loose  
With wide white cuffs displayed.  
Beneath his beard there nestles down  
A modest tie cravat  
And on his snowy head is set  
A great white soft felt hat,  
There's nothing new about his dress  
To draw the curious gaze;  
Though neat enough, I often think  
It has seen far better days.  
But it matters not what its age may be,  
So grand his air and pose,  
I met the man a hundred times  
Before I saw his clothes.

His form is straight, his shoulders square,  
He walks with martial tread:  
He looks the world straight in the face  
With proudly lifted head.  
And yet his bright brown eye is soft

And kindest courtesy  
Beams in the chastened face he turns  
In welcome unto me.

And such a grace! To see him lift  
That white hat from his brow  
And bend to woman, quite rebukes  
The modern monkey bow.

Ah well, from other days he comes,  
From the Manassas plain,  
From gen'rous wealth, the statesman's hall  
And many a vast domain  
Where slaves wrought in the whitening field  
And in the ranks of corn.  
I saw the evening of that age,  
But he its noon and morn!

When the framework of his system fell  
And blood o'er his threshold ran,  
From out the wreck and gloom there marched  
The grand old gentleman:—  
Came with that whitened, chastened face,  
Came with that softened eye,  
And the courage that great as it was had failed,  
But was yet too great to die.

I sometimes think as I see him stand,  
In far off revery,  
Resting his hand on the gold-headed cane  
With its legend complimentary,  
That his mind is back in the olden days  
With his soldier-sons asleep;  
That he hears the tap of the muffled drum  
And sees the eyes that weep.  
Else why the answering upward look  
To the blue of his Georgia skies?  
And why the dash of a hand across  
The blue of his closing eyes?

A grand old gentleman, indeed!  
Some day o'er his humble bed  
A woman will bend with tear-stained face  
To kiss the brow of her dead;  
And her trembling fingers once more will tie  
The worn little black cravat  
And brush the soft stray silvery locks  
That have nevermore need for a hat,  
The people will come with bended heads  
To follow the funeral van,  
And they'll whisper around the open grave,  
"A grand old gentleman!"

DANDELION

Sing ho! for the gay little warrior bold,  
Lord of the fields and greening!  
Sing ho! for the gay little warrior bold,  
With his kirtle to match  
And his collar of gold—  
Sing hey! for the proud little warrior bold,  
Brave-eyed Dandelion!

O! it's little he cares for the lingering blast,  
Or frost to the tall grass clinging;  
He strides at the head of a springtime host,  
With his heart on his shield,  
And his banner unfurled,  
And his bright face bared to a smiling world,  
Gallant Dandelion!  
And the blushing maiden bending low lifts  
Her sweet spring's gay defender;  
And she gives him rest on her throbbing breast  
With his eyes unshut,  
And a will to dare,—  
O! who but the brave may win the fair?  
Would I were Dandelion!

## MARGUERITES

Out of the soil and the sod, your faces,  
Marguerites!  
Morning and noon to the Sun-God upsmiling;  
Blessing the summer with eyes all unblinded.  
Golden your diadems; robes, they are crimson and  
    golden,  
Thrilling the hours!

Not in the mansions of men who are worldly,  
Not in the temples of beauty;  
Not where the feet of unbrowned women  
Are sandaled away from God's carpet,  
Their lily cheeks veiled from His glances,  
And their souls are drowned in the sighings  
Of pallid blooms wrought out of season,—  
But under the blue of the heavens,  
Under the dew of the heavens,  
Under day-dawns and day-dyings,  
In the heart of this unravished garden,  
Forgot of the pruner and binder,  
With the pink and the aster beside you,  
And the riotous sweet vines about you,  
And the silent laughter of blossoms,

Gladding the heart of the summer,—  
Here is your home, little sisters,  
Here is your home,  
Marguerites!

One cometh at last and beholdeth  
And his eyes are upon your chaste beauty.  
He bears you away and he wears you  
An hour in the madness of passion  
And casts you aside when aweary;  
To die underfoot, without murmur,  
But kissing the hand that had brought you  
The marvelous gift of that hour  
'Twixt the blush of the rose  
And the white blush of death,  
Marguerites!



## HARRIET

What is the baby like? They say  
This little girl of mine  
Is rosy as the peep o' day  
And sweet-voiced as the pine.  
And has she blue, or black,  
Or soft gray eyes, you ask?  
Alas, they swim so deep in light  
To learn 's a hopeless task!  
And is she lovely? Ah, indeed!  
The pansy in the sod—  
The lily dreaming on the lake,  
Wrapped in the smile of God!

## SWEETHEART OF THE SUN

There's a land that loves a sweetheart,  
And she greets him every day,  
Her feet are flecked with ocean foam,  
Round her limbs the sea winds play;  
There are corals on her bosom,  
There are lilies on her gown,  
And where she meets her lover  
All the songbirds gather 'round.

There's a land that loves a sweetheart,  
And for him she spreads a feast  
When the Morn, beyond the breakers,  
Sets his banners in the East.  
There are luscious gold bananas,  
Orange blossoms in her hair,  
There are regal poincianas,  
There are citrus everywhere.

And heaped-up crimson berries,  
Purple figs by fragrant bay,  
And the ibis by her fountains  
With the rainbow in the spray.  
Oh! this land that loves a sweetheart,

She is such a bonny lass,  
The ships lag in the offing,  
And the clouds they hate to pass.

There's a land that loves a sweetheart,  
A fairy tropic land,  
With the wandering summer of the sea,  
Out beyond her silver strand,  
Her noonday gown is azure,  
But when evening shadows fall  
Her sweetheart stretches out his hand,  
And spun-gold covers all.

And when she lies a-dreaming,  
On her couch between the seas,  
His moon-tides come to croon for her  
Their ancient lullabies;  
And lest the dark, too heavy,  
Shall oppress her dewy eyes,  
He lights a million lantern-stars,  
And hangs them in her skies.

What ho! ye dwellers by the lakes,  
Where arctic blizzards blow!  
What ho! ye city freezelings,  
Who flounder in the snow!

Look up, the birds are passing,  
They have heard the thrilling call,  
That a sweetheart-bridegroom cometh  
And a feast is spread for all!

And, for you, oh! weary toilers,  
Where the tasks are never done,  
And the best of life is wasted  
Ere its pleasures are begun,  
The wedding bells are calling,  
That there's room for everyone  
In the land that loves her sweetheart,  
And whose sweetheart is the Sun.

## THE END OF THE ROAD

Behind the brooding pines the sun  
Had sunk and folded up his rays,  
And a still twilight veiled the land.  
An old man sitting by the wayside fixed  
Me with strange and level stare  
The like of which had never compassed me before.  
“And who are they,” I asked, “whose ghostly camp  
Lies white on yon hushed plain outspread?”  
“They rest,” he said, “from journeying and sleep.  
The end of the road is here!”  
I bowed my head, and on the sod  
My careful feet gave out no waking sound;  
“Sleep on,” I whispered, reverently, “sleep!”  
And would have passed him by;  
But he with softened eyes looked down  
And slowly shook his frosted head;  
“Farther, you cannot go,” he said.  
“And why?”  
“It is the end of the road!”

“DAUGHTER OF THE KING”

(To Mrs. Jenny Buckner Capers)

Old Friend, across the sleeping years,  
Take our salute! There are no tears  
In thy brave eyes; blue-gray,  
They hold the clarity of skies  
At dawn of day, and ever shine  
With light that is divine!  
Would that their mystery were mine;—  
To have beheld great Jackson's face,  
A picture as he lay in death;  
And Lee's, the knightly Lee  
Blessed with the Old South's dying breath;  
And plumed Stuart, swinging along  
Through mountain shadows with his song,  
And gay salute to dame and lass,  
Waiting to see their *beau sabre* pass!  
Would that mine eyes might share  
Thy visions of the long gray ranks  
Sweeping the blue Virginian hills,  
And flash of angry cannon where  
Young Pelham hovers o'er their flanks,  
And the proud boast of blue-clad foeman stills!—  
The sunlight on the marching bayonets,

Once seen no living man forgets!—  
The fiery cross, shot torn,  
By gallant lads still slanting forward, borne;  
Last gesture of the South's superb cadets!  
Ah! would that all those dead men in gray,  
Could rise from out their glorious yesterday,  
And gaze across the radiant southern land,  
To where, undaunted, here, you stand  
With shining eyes, and lifted hand,  
Holding their flag unto thy sunset skies!—  
I think that every hero head would bare,  
That every gray cap toss in the air!  
For four long bloody years their banner waved,  
To fall at last! The cause was saved,  
By women who took up the fight,  
And brought the flag through sixty years of night.

Old Friend, across the golden years  
Take our salute! There are no fears  
In thy brave eyes; blue-gray,  
They hold the clarity of skies  
At dawn of day, and ever shine  
    With light that is divine!  
Our tributes to thy dear feet we bring,  
O glorious daughter of the King!



## WOOD

A club of wood, and the first man's cave;  
A box of wood and the last man's grave.

A shaft of wood, and a wooden bow,  
And a hempen string to make it go.

A spear of wood, with flinty head,  
To strike the prowling wild beast dead.

A raft of wood, by wood poles plied,  
To float dryshod upon the tide.

A wooden prong for the hand of toil,  
To plant the seed, and till the soil.

A wheel of wood from a fallen tree  
To harvest the grain crop cheerily,  
And haul the logs for the cabin home  
That man need not forever roam.

And stately ships hewn from the oak,  
To sail the seas with adventurous folk,  
And carry far the Book sublime,

To the hungry souls of every clime.  
Oh it's wood, wood, wood, wherever we go,  
And everywhere under the passing sun,  
Where men at labor weave to and fro.  
Ere they finish the tasks that they begun,  
Every hand of every man,  
Has touched wood since the day began—  
Watch them close and you'll find it so!

Oh steel is good, and iron too,  
And other metals right handy are;  
But wood is the handiest thing in view,  
And oftenest used by far, by far!  
When you take your daily walk abroad  
See if the facts don't all accord,—  
Count the places where you find wood  
In myriad forms by art made good!

Did we plant the beautiful spreading tree?—  
Did we mine it deep in the cavern's gloom?  
Gift it is, and always free,  
Oh lift your hat and bend your knee,  
It has fed and housed a lonely world  
And never a leaf of it unfurled,  
But gave of drink to a passing breeze!  
Aye bare the head, and bend the knees,

God dwells among His wonderful trees,  
And none have sought for Him in prayer  
But kneeling, felt, and found Him there!

A wooden club and the first man's cave,  
A wooden box and the last man's grave;  
And over the gulf that lies between,  
A bridge of wood with a roof of green.

## "THANK YOU"

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath  
bound me.

And work for Underwood and me, has piled up  
all around me,

When letters from the outer world have added  
to my duties,—

Bills that have long been overdue, and dainty notes  
from beauties!

Poems no one should have writ, submitted for my  
reading;

And manuscripts to criticize, inclosed with plain-  
tive pleading;

And inquiries for last year's files, and special in-  
formation,

About somebody's great-grandpa who once fit for  
the nation;

And facts of science, history of birds, and beasts  
and vermin,

The whereabouts of no man's land, the present  
price of ermine;—

Oft in the stilly night, when these griefs all sur-  
round me,

And thoughts of waiting printer-men float in to  
fret and hound me,  
I think I'd give all I possess to hear one kind word  
spoken,  
The music of some gentle voice, some spiritual  
token  
To lift me from a black abyss and rescue me from  
worry.  
And let me in a trance forget the urgent need of  
hurry!

Ah! then I take my telephone and set the crank a  
turning  
An SOS across the night, to where bright lights  
are burning,  
And, "Number, please?" comes floating back,  
like some sweet strain from Eden  
To bring the solace that I crave, the comfort I  
am needin'.  
I give the number, adding too, "Excuse the hour I  
crank you!"  
Again returns the lovely voice, a two-word song,  
just, "Thank you!"  
How easy then my little tasks! Though midnight  
hour passes,

I'm not alone, for just outside are all those "hello"  
lasses.

Brave little souls that labor on, for self, and  
others earning;

They keep their dauntless courage up, they keep  
the lights a-burning.

They ask no odds, they're on the job, they seek  
for no man's pity.—

Heroines of the day, the night, they guard always,  
the city.

*L'Envoi*

Friend though by day, and though by night, black  
cares may come to hound you,

Take thought of these dear sweetheart-girls who  
whisper to, and round you;

Don't let them, in true courtesy, in cheerfulness,  
outrank you;

Don't censure them for wire delays;-wait for  
that lovely, "Thank you!"

## BALLAD OF THE ROSE BOUND TREE

Two lovers there were, in the days of old.  
Who dwelt in a forest far away.  
Where wild flowers bloom and fairies dance,  
And birds sing sweetly night and day;  
A knight with a sword and shining lance,  
A little maid with hair of gold.

With lovers who loved in the days of old  
The fairies were never afraid to play;  
They wove them garments of eglantine  
And freed for them breath of the jasmine spray!  
Gave them blankets to sleep between,  
Jade-hued, shining with soft moon-gold.

But once as they lay in each other's arms,  
Wrapt in the bliss of fairy dreams,  
Out of a swamp an old witch crept,  
Through the shadows behind the soft moonbeams,  
And crooning evilly where they slept,  
Touched their lips with her deadly charms.

Died she first, the lily-white maid!  
With breaking heart, and broken lance,



Her lover buried her under the sod.  
And the fairies, halting their merry dance.  
Finding him there, his soul with God,  
Brought them again a cover of jade.

There by the maid they planted a rose,  
With an acorn, too, by her lover's side;  
And the acorn's roots, they found his heart,  
But the rose reached down to the heart of his  
    bride.

Nothing could keep them long apart!—  
With his arms full of roses a tall tree grows!

Two lovers there came from the days long dead,  
To dwell in a forest far away,  
Where flowers they bloom and fairies dance,  
And birds sing sweetly by night and by day,—  
A knight with an axe and a loving glance,  
A maid with gold on her lifted head.

“Lo, here” he said, “we'll build our cot,  
Build of logs from this rose-bound tree!”  
So he smote the oak till it crumpled down,  
And for many a day, most patiently,  
As it lay stretched out on the petaled ground  
And a cabin arose to cover the spot.

Covered with blossoms the cabin stands,  
For the rose crept over and climbed the wall,  
And labored long with her magic art,—  
(Through ears that we know not far voices call.)  
Nothing could keep the lovers apart!  
Strength and beauty they still clasp hands!

And sometimes I wonder if ever the dead  
Are lost unto us, awaste in the sod!  
The lips of the roses, they whisper to me,  
That beauty and love are immortal as God,—  
That the strength of my soul is the strength of  
the tree.  
That nothing's behind us, but all is ahead!

## THE NEW YEAR

In hoc signo—by this sign—  
A little stranger comes amongst us,  
Friends of mine!  
Some will hail him, imp of evil—  
Just a romping little devil—  
Some will see a tender love light  
In his bright eyes shine.  
Some will see him through their tears,  
Unlaid ghost of other years;  
Some will see his smile divine.  
On his back he brings a pack,  
Which he'll open every day;  
Gifts for all who work or play,  
Gifts of gold and jewels rare,  
Gifts of freedom, gifts of care,  
Gifts of sickness and of health,  
Gifts of poverty and of wealth—  
All are snugly hid away  
In that pack, alack, alack!  
Joy or sorrow, none may say  
What it will unfold tomorrow!  
Well, why worry? There's no hurry;  
Funeral or wedding bell—

God is in His heaven above,  
God who doeth all things well,  
And his final gift is love.

Grim the woodlands are, this morning;  
Chill the air was, at its dawning;  
And the dead leaves blow along  
The vistas where the lilting song  
Of thrushes filled the summer day;  
But the dogwood buds are swelling,  
Vaguely, yet most sure, foretelling  
The glad oncoming of a flowery May.  
Why, to worry is but folly!  
See, the unconquerable holly,  
And the smilax, and the long-leaf pine,  
Hold their color all undaunted by the cold—  
Keep their faith with springtime as of old!  
In hoc signo—by this sign  
Their victory is both yours and mine.  
Life around us is but sleeping,  
God has all things in His keeping,  
God is in His heaven above,  
And His final gift is love!

The bankrupt day dies in the mourning west,  
But on the eastern hills,

And misty islands of the blest,  
The lordly sun pours out his ancient treasure,  
And there, two-handed and four-fold,  
Scorning weights and vulgar miser's measure  
Pays his dead comrade's debts in gold.  
And in the woodland's depths there is the sound  
Of whispering voices gathering round,  
And rhythms of fairy feet that from afar  
Come dancing along the pregnant ground  
Seeking the couches where the baby blossoms are.  
And in the coverts of the sheltering pines is heard  
The south's gray-coated, white-barred bird  
Murmuring in measures of sweet rondelays,  
Dream-prophecies of reborn summer days.  
Let's not worry, there's no hurry;  
God is in His heaven above,  
God who doeth all things well,  
God, whose final gift is love.

## SEND HIM IN

When ol' Marster went off ter de wah  
He tuk me by de han'  
An' he say, "I mebbly won't be back ergain  
I leaves ol' Missus en yo' cyar  
An' you must ten' de lan'  
An' keep my flock fum lightnin an' de rain!"  
Dey bring 'im fum Virginny,  
Wid es po' life shot erway,  
He's buried out dar by de ol' pine tree,  
An' I scattered ev'y darkey what ast ol' Miss fer  
pay,  
Till dere's no one roun' de settlement but me.  
But my ol' Miss done promus dis,  
She's never gwineter set me free,  
An' when she jines de heavenly th'ong,  
She'll tell dat angeul at de golden gate,—  
"Man, when my ol' nigger comes erlong,  
Sen' 'im in ter me!"  
Hit's been er long an' weary way,  
Fer my ol' Miss an' me,  
An' hard ter keep de chillun movin' straight,  
But we raise 'em mostly righteous  
Till de las' one o' de three

Shuk de rice fum out er rustles at de gate.  
An' we settle down ter dreamin' of de pictures of  
our dead,  
An' whisp'ren of dere voices en de hall,  
An' we meant hit, lemme tell yer, when we prayed  
de Lord fer bread,  
An' I thank 'im 'cause He let me fetch hit all.  
But my ol' Miss done promus dis,  
She's never gwineter set me free;  
An' when she jines de heavenly th'ong,  
She'll tell dat angeul at de heavenly gate,—  
“Man, when my ol' nigger comes erlong,  
Sen' 'im in ter me!”



THE MOST ANCIENT MARINER

(As told by Eneas Africanus)

Now little chillun gyether roun' an' keep yo' eye  
on me,

While I sings er song of ol' Noray, an' how he  
sail' de sea

En er boat he buil', when de sky was bright an'  
he call' dat boat er Ark.

An' he buil' es boat of hickory wood, an' he stop  
de cracks wid bark;

An' he fill es boat wid stuff ter eat, an' animals  
two by two,

An' de cloud come up, an' de rain fell down, when  
Noray he done thoo.

Oh, de waters riz, an' spread eroun', an' kivered  
up de groun';

Dere's water, water everywhar, an' no lan' ter  
be foun'!

An' Noray come out on de deck of dat 'ar boat  
one day,

But he ain't know whether ter cuss erloud, or ben'  
es knee an' pray;

Fer de turnip greens done all give out, an' de  
collard greens is gone,  
An' he honed mightily fer greens, expeshully green  
corn.

Fer de sun was hot, an' de Ark was hot, an' es knee  
burn when he pray'd,  
An' de houn' dog lef' de hot moonlight, an' laid  
down en de shade.

An' down below, whar de animuls was, come er  
steady all-day roar,  
Dat rattl' de panes in Noray's room, an' shuk es  
pantery door.

“Oh, Lord!” ses he, “hit's skeery times!” but de  
Lord look down an' say,  
“When de sun is up you pray fer night, an' night  
you prays fer day!  
Hit's hard ter mek out what you wants, so I'm er  
sendin' both,  
But all de thanks I hyah fum you soun's mighty  
like er oath!”

Now little chillun shet yo' mouf, an' lissen close  
ter me,  
While I sing er song of ol' Noray, who sail' de  
lonesome sea!—

He come out on de deck one day, an' drapt es  
eye eroun' ;

Ses he, "de greens is all give out, an' no lan' kin  
be foun'.

Jim Crow, you got two mighty wings, you flies ter  
beat de ban'

Go stretch dem wings good Brother Crow, an' find  
my glitterin' lan' !"

Den Jim Crow stretch es mighty wings, an' dey  
tuk 'im outer sight,

But he never come back de whole day long, an' he  
ain't got back at night.

Two times de burnin' sun riz up, an' two times  
hit went down,

But dere ain't no word fum Ol' Jim Crow, out  
lookin' fer de groun' !

An' Noray wipe, es weepin' eye, an' bow es ol'  
gray head ;

"Oh ! Sister Crow," he say, desso, "You' ol' man  
mus' be dead !"

But erbout dat time hyah come er mule, er dead  
mule, floatin' by

An' on dat mule was ol' Jim Crow, er settin' high  
an' dry.

An' Sister Crow she spread her wings, she spread  
'em broad an' wide,  
She sail eroun' 'im in de ar an' drap down by es  
side.

But Noray stomp an' rush erbout, an' shuk es  
tremblin' han',

"Oh! you, Jim Crow!" he cry erloud, "whar is  
my glitterin' lan'?"

"Yo' glitterin' lan'," laugh ol' Jim Crow, "well I  
ain't seen no groun';

I travels hyah an' I travels dar, an' no lan' kin  
be foun'!

Move on! move on, wid yo' ol' boat, go sail de  
lonesome sea,

Dis erhyah mule I'm er ridin' on, is lan' enough  
fer me!"

Wid dat ol' Noray liked ter bust; he lif' es voice  
on high;—

"Jim Crow, I'm gointer hoodoo you, ter las' ontel  
you die!

All yo' life you got ter roam, an' roam, an' roam,  
an' roam;

An' never settle down nowhar, an' never have no  
home.

So travel on, you triflin' runt, fer you an' me is  
thoo,

Des take ol' lady Crow an' go, you got mer bes'  
hoodoo!"

So Brother Crow ain't got no home fum dat day  
ontel now;

He loss es home, he has ter roam, an' live des  
anyhow.

He never sings, an' he never plays, an' he never  
settles down,

An' de gun hit fills es hide wid led, ef his foot hit  
tech de groun'.

An' when he cross dat cotton fiel' an' when he  
cross dat park

You heah 'im say, day atter day, des "Ark" an'  
"Ark" an' "Ark!"

Po' old Jim Crow, no home, no mo' he's hardly  
fit ter kill

He's homesick fer ol' Noray's Ark, but de hoo-  
doo's got 'im still!"

Now, little chillun come up close, little Missy on  
mer knee,—

**YOU TOM! PUT MER GLASSES DOWN!!**  
—an' lissen now ter me;

Dar was er black man on dat Ark, an' es only  
name was Ham.

He was my great, great, great Gran'pa,—dat  
tells you who I am,—  
He waited on ol' man Noray, an' sarve 'im all es  
life,  
He bresh es coat, an' he shine es shoe; an' Cindy  
was es wife.  
Er white man writ dis story out, but hit don't  
match up wid mine,—  
I gits de story straight fum Ham, who han' it down  
the line,—  
Ol' Noray call ter Sister Dove, an' tuk 'er en es  
han',  
“Yo' wings ain't long, but dey is strong, go find my  
glitterin' lan'!”  
An' Sister Dove she coo an' coo, and flew an' flew  
erway,  
But she warn't back when de sun went down, an'  
she ain't git back nex' day.  
An' Noray wipe es weepin' eye, an' cas' er look  
eroun';  
“Brer Dove,” ses he, “I'm mighty feared yo' little  
wife es drown'!”  
But Sister Dove, erbout dat time, come er sailin'  
proudly in  
An' folks dey run ter git de news, an' hyar whar  
she done be'n.



She circle roun' dat Ark three times an' drap on  
er winder sill

The sunlight shimmerin' on her breas' an' somep'n  
en her bill;

“Noray! Noray! Noray!” she cooed,—I tell yer  
what hit means—

“Noray, I foun' yo' glitterin' lan' an' hyar's yo'  
collard greens!”

Wid dat er mighty shout went up, an' when de  
word pass roun'

All dem animuls down below, dey make er pow'-  
ful soun';

Dey made er soun' dat shuk de boat, an' fa'rly  
split de a'r

An' shouted glory ter de Lord, an' shuk han's  
ev'ywhar.

An' putty soon der come er bump, an' de word hit  
pass eroun'

De boat done hit de mount'n side, an' its nose  
stuck en de groun'!

An' out on top de pilot house, de rooster flop es  
wing,

An' strain es soul down ter de roots, er tryin' fer  
ter sing,—

“Noray! Noray! Noray!” ses he, “hyah is yo' glit-  
terin' lan'!”



An' Noray, down on es ol' knees, said "Glory ter  
de Man!

I'm sholy proud de journey's done, I'm sholy proud  
I'm thoo,

An' ef I had some extry meat, I'd give er bar-  
becue;

But ev'ything is two an' two, de turkey an' de  
b'ar,

De hog an' sheep an' Billy Goat,—I ain't got none  
ter spar'!

I might, ses he, might do widout de rooster an'  
de hen,

He don't do nuthin' but strut erbout, an' she ain't  
laid er egg since when.

"Oomhoo" he said an' scratch es head, "I reck'n  
dat pair'li do!"

So, git erlong shore, you folks once mo' an' we'll  
have er barbecue!"

Now, little chillun, listen close, fer de song is al-  
mos' done,

Of Noray's boat what sail' de sea, forty days fum  
sun ter sun;

For ol' black Ham an' Cindy too was er settin' fish  
lines out,

---

When news pass roun' dat blessed day, what  
Noray was erbout,  
An' dey bofe cut out fer de pilot house, an' bofe  
reach up er han'  
An' dey snatch dem chicken off de roost and broke  
fer de glitterin' lan'!—  
Dey tuk dem chicken erlong wid dem, an' I don't  
cyar what's de breed,  
Niggers own all de chicken dar is, cause de nig-  
gers dey save de seed!

## MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY

Summer Rocking Song. About 11 A. M.

Who all time dodgin' in de cotton an' de corn?  
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
Who all time stealin' Ole Massa's dinner horn?  
Mammy's li'l' baby boy!  
    Byo baby boy, oh, bye,  
    Byo li'l' boy!  
    Oh run ter es mammy  
    An' she tek 'im in 'er arms,  
    Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Who all time runnin' old gobbler roun' de yard?  
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
Who tek er stick an' hit ole possum dog so hard?  
Mammy's li'l' baby boy!  
    Byo baby, boy, oh bye,  
    Byo li'l' boy!  
    Oh, run ter es mammy  
    An' climb up on 'er lap,  
    Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?  
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!



MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY



Who all time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

Byo li'l' boy!

Oh run ter es mammy

An' she wipe es li'l' eyes,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Who all time losin' de shovel en de rake?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!

Who all time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

Byo li'l' boy!

Oh scoot fer yer mammy,

An' she hide yer fum yer ma,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Who all de time er-troatin' ter de kitchen fer er  
bite?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!

Who mess 'essef wi' taters twell es clo'es dey is er  
sight?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

Byo li'l' boy!



An' 'e run ter es mammy  
 Fer ter git 'im outer trouble,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er frettin' en de middle o' de day?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who all time er gittin' so sleepy 'e can' play?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy!

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 Byo li'l' boy!

An' 'e come ter es mammy  
 Fer ter rock 'm en 'er arms,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy!  
 Shoo, shoo shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo!  
 Shoo, shoo shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo li'l' baby shoo!  
 Shoo, shoo shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo li'l' baby shoo,  
 Shoo — — — — — !

Dere now, lay right down on Mammy's bed an'  
 go 'long back ter sleep,—shoo!— *Look hyah, nig-  
 ger, go way fum dat do'! You wake dis chile up  
 wid dat jewsop en I'll wear yer out ter frazzles!*  
 —*Sh-h-h-h*—



THE WICKED ONE-EYED COON

Did you ever go a-hunting on a creek when you  
were young,  
Where the willows were a-weeping, and the wild  
grapevines hung,  
And the moonlight broke and spattered through  
the sweetgums all around  
And scattered shining silver on the oozy, grassy  
ground?  
Where the pineknot torches sputtered, and the  
shadows danced away  
Like a lot of hoodoo witches out to have a holi-  
day  
And the hound dog was a-singing along a possum  
trail,  
His long ears flipping-flopping every time he  
jerked his tail?  
If you have, you'll maybe listen to this little tale  
of mine  
Of a hound dog, and a darky, and a possum, and  
a pine!

He was chanting halleluia, and the clock was strik-  
ing ten;

A half a moon was overhead; the chanter was old  
Ben.

I met him by the horselot gate, and I gathered  
from his talk

That it was 'bout the time o' night the possum  
loves to walk.

And as he talked, his black face shone out in the  
torch's light.

And his teeth were like a graveyard in the darkness  
of the night,

And old Bender, with a waving tail, went slowly  
slouching by,

His wet nose giving every weed a howdy and good-  
by.

Oh! the thrill of joy was in me as we started down  
the hill,

And took the path that wandered past the ruined  
watermill,

Where things looked awful ghostly, and every-  
thing was still!

Then when the dark had swallowed us, and we  
stood beneath the trees,

Ben told me of a peddler man that once upon a  
time

They found out in the canebreak near, his face  
down in the slime,  
With his throat all cut from ear to ear; and a  
rope was round his knees,  
Where they "drug" him when they killed him,  
And his busted pack was by him.  
And since that day, said black Ben, no nigger,  
in the night,  
Would come around the awful place without a  
blazing light!

For the peddler's "hant" it was a wicked one-  
eyed coon,  
And the coon he ain't particular, but he likes a  
half a moon.  
"Seen him? Lord, I reckon erbout five hunderd  
times!  
I wish the times I seen him I had that many dimes!  
Skeered? No, chile. I allus totes de hind foot of er  
rabbit,  
And every time I meets him here I des reach down  
an' grab it!"  
But when I begged to see it, Ben felt down in his  
breeches  
And tugged so hard at nothing there, he busted  
all the stitches.

And then he tiptoed down the path, a whispering  
me to come.

For he'd forgot his rabbit foot, and left it way  
back home!

Then right ahead we heard a cry; it was old Ben-  
der's call,

And then came Tag's and Cooter's; and 'way up  
over all

The shrill, wild scream of little Sal, the half-breed  
rabbit dog.

And we knew the pack was heading for a mighty  
blackgum bog.

Oh, there's music in the wild waves, and choirs  
in the trees,

And far sweet melodies afloat on every passing  
breeze,

And when church bells are a ringing I've wondered  
many times

If the angels' wings weren't beating through the  
rythm of the chimes.

But to be among the wild woods, in a torch's wavy  
light,

And hear the pack a-going down the valley in the  
night,

And the far-flung whoop and cheering of an old-time darkey's voice!  
You are welcome to the others—that's the music of my choice!

We found them almost frantic by a slender little pine.  
Ben pleaded rheumatism, and the climbing job was mine.  
So I climbed, and climbed, and climbed, almost into the top,  
Till the tree it got to bending, and there I had to stop,  
But the Thing the dogs were running, very much to my surprise,  
Was huddled in a bundle there, and right before my eyes.  
Then I shook the limb and shouted, till I saw the bundle drop,  
And heard it hit down in the mud with a sputter and a flop!

Lord, such a row there was then, and shriek and moan and yelp!  
And over all the voice of Ben a praying God for help!

Down, down I came a slidin', but ten feet from  
the ground

I clutched the tree more cautiously, and took a  
look around—

The Thing had old Ben by the hand, and Ben he  
had the tree.

And swinging from the Thing's hind legs I saw  
the dogs, all three!

And such a fuss I never heard, I laughed till I was  
weak—

I laughed until my hold gave way! I came down  
with a shriek,

Slapbank into the fracas, with the dogs on me—  
and Ben!

But the Thing they all were tussling with, I never  
saw again.

Ben shook me from on top of him and fled back  
to the mill.

I snatched the torch from out the mud, and found  
him standing still,

Sucking wounded fingers, and a-feeling in his  
pants

For that lost rabbit foot which protected him from  
hants.

When I asked him where the possum went, he  
looked up at the moon,  
And whispered: "Twarn't no possum, chile; des  
dat same old one-eyed coon!"



## THE LAUGHING KING ON THE EASTERN SHORE

My Uncle Tom he tells to me the stories of my  
Grandpa's state,  
And all the heroes born up there and how they  
fought; it sure is great;  
But there is one that beats them all, I make him  
tell it o'er and o'er.  
It's 'bout a jolly Indian, The Laughing King on  
the Eastern Shore.

Potomac was the river's name. It happened when  
the state began,  
And Pocahontas saved a man from her old daddy,  
Powhattan.  
The folks would take their boats up stream, with  
beads and threads and shiney pins,  
And when they met some Indians, they'd swap  
'em off for otter skins.  
But if they cross the river stream, they have to  
pay the Indians more—  
You couldn't fool that fat old man, The Laugh-  
ing King on the Eastern Shore.

Said they: "We'll go a long ways up, where Indians, they ain't so red!"

Said he: "You can't put trust in folks who've gone three weeks and never fed;

Them folks are hungry ALL the time; you better mind what you're about—

They'll shoot you full of arrow holes, and eat you if you don't look out!"

You see he knew that crowd up there; he'd heard about them long before;

He was a mighty wise old man, The Laughing King on the Eastern Shore!

And so they rowed a long way up—each had a pistol and a gun—

And tied their boats unto the shore, where trees gave out and grass begun;

But hardly had they stretched their legs, and started out across a field,

When, ZIP! an arrow whistled by, and WOW! their faithful nigger squealed.

But not a savage did they see, though they could hear 'em whoop and roar—

They wished that they had listened to The Laughing King on the Eastern Shore.



Back to the river bank they run—no use for pistol  
or a gun—  
And glad were they to reach the place where grass  
gave out and mud begun.  
They struck out down the other side, a rowin'  
fast their heavy boats,  
With mud a-stickin' on their pants, and arrows  
stickin' in their coats.  
And when they saw The Laughing King, they  
didn't stop, they were so sore;  
They passed him sitting in the sand, and laughing  
on the Eastern Shore.

My Uncle Tom, he talks to me of Jackson, Lee  
and Washington,  
And how they licked the Britishers, and made the  
blasted Yankees run;  
But always, when the stories end, I say: "You  
know there's just one more!"  
And then he smiles and tells about The Laughing  
King on the Eastern Shore.

---

THE TRUTH AND APPOMATTOX

It was an ancient African,  
And he stoppeth all of three,  
The other two were strangers here  
And soon left him with me.  
His hair was gray and on his face  
A million wrinkles crossed  
Until the plan God started with  
Seemed altogether lost.

But he was born in Georgia, too;  
The difference in our skin  
Could not, at last, forbid the truth  
That somehow we were kin.  
For 'tis the scenes and songs and loves  
That shape the hidden souls;  
And kinship is the spirit bond,  
And not the blood that rolls.

For him the mocking bird had sung  
O'er many a hill and dell,  
And he had loved, as I had loved,  
The old plantation bell,  
And heard across the cotton fields

The velvet-throated horn  
Proclaim the nooning of the day,  
Or coming of the morn.

It was an ancient African,  
And proud was I to be  
So close unto the bodyguard  
Of dear old Robert Lee,  
And hear the Appomattox tale  
With an eye-witness slant—  
How Grant swapped swords with Gen'ul Lee  
And Lee swapped swords with Grant—

It made the scene so like to life—  
I heard Marse Robert say,  
“Well, Grant, I thought we'd better take  
A little holiday  
And give your boys a chance to rest;  
I've chased 'em 'roun' so long,  
My heart just aches, and aches, and aches,  
I'm mighty 'fraid it's wrong!”

And how Grant wiped his weeping eye  
Once with a trembling hand

And said, said he, "Don't menshun it,  
I sholy understand."  
And "Won't you have a good cigar?"

"'Twas pulled before 'twas ripe  
And rolled too far up No'th," ses Lee;  
"I'd ruther smoke my pipe!"

And how they talked and talked and talked,  
And sorter walked about:  
And Marse Bob said, "I'd like to know  
Just how us folks fell out!"  
And Grant he said, "Your nigger thar—  
You ought to set him free!"  
But Marse Bob laughed: "Why, Grant," says he,  
"That nigger thar owns me!"

"He does, does he?" said Gen'ul Grant  
And looked me in the face,  
Till I begun to wonder if  
'Twas too hot for a race—  
I took a look at that man's eye,  
I looked at that man's mouth,  
I didn't like that white man's looks,  
So I broke for the South!

It was an ancient African  
That left me happily  
And all the silver change I had  
He took away from me;  
But then, the tale of Grant and Lee  
I heard his lips relate,  
I'd heard a thousand times before  
But never got it straight.



## “A FENCE CORNER ORATION”

Oomhoo, I hyah 'bout Ark'nsaw befo,  
An' all dat lan' out Wes',  
But hyeah ole Peter hoed es row,  
An' hit's mighty nigh time ter res',  
I knows de white folks roun' erbout,  
An' de ole uns all knows me:  
When hard-time comes dey he'ps me out,  
Des de same as I warn' free.  
An' I hyah 'bout dat five dollers er day,  
An' nuthin t' all ter do,  
But ter shovel dirt on er railroad track  
An' eat, when yer all git thoo,—  
I seen some niggers, be'n out dere  
Come er-hustlin' back ergin,  
An' I hatter gi' um meat and bread  
Ter he'p full out dey skin!  
Dey said de rations pow'ful skearce,  
De hen roos' mighty high,  
An' possum des 'bout hard ter ketch,  
When he go rackin' by,  
T'ings way off yonner look mighty fine,  
But des you git up close;  
Gwineter see sup'n else 'll mek yer wanter

Butt yer head ergin er pos'!  
An' 'bout de time yer turn eroun',  
An' see how fur yer come,  
Some t'ings gwineter look mighty fine  
Erway 'long back to'rds home.  
Dis lan' ain't like hit used to be—  
Nobody ain't 'sputin' dat:  
But hit'll talk back ter de hoe,  
An' keep de chillun fat:  
An' sometimes guano ain' gwine stick,  
Don't keer wher' you got um,  
But when hit wash down off de hill,  
Dere's big corn grows en de bottom.  
An' ef de crick git out an' wash  
De guano plum on down.  
Hit gethers some erway 'long up,  
An' sots hit on mer groun!  
Yes, sah, I larn er heap er sense  
Sence freedom turned me out;  
An' sho's yer born, Boss, hit's all right;—  
De Lord knows what He's erbout;—  
When cotton's short, de corn hit's tall,  
An' when de hog meat's high.  
I put's nuther morgidge on ole mule;  
An' he wuk hit out bimeby!  
But yer can't larn des young niggers sense;

Dey got ter larn dese'f.  
'T'ain't what goes in meks white folks rich,  
Hit's what sticks on de she'f.  
An' some niggers ain' gwine settle down,  
Don't cyah where dey be:  
Dey c'n all put out fer Ark'nsaw,  
But dey don't trabl' 'long wid me  
Ole Mars'er 's buried out yonner by de plums,  
An' ole Miss, she dere too;  
An' my ole ooman ain' very fur off,—  
An' my las' littl' gal, Sally Lou.  
Don't mek no diffunce whar some folks put,  
When dey race es all ben run,  
But somehow I ain't wanter stray too fur  
Fo' my las' day's work git done!  
Some er dese times, an mebby 'fo yer know,  
Gwineter hyah de Gabeul horn,  
An' gwineter be er-stirrin' ev'ywhar en de lan',  
An' er heap er folks skeered, sho's yer born:  
Heap er folks what tort deysel' mighty good.  
Gwineter trimble en de traces an' balk,  
An' I wanter be whar I c'n sorter step eroun'  
An' hyah ole Miss when she talk!  
She mighty good 'ooman, Ole Miss was,—  
Ev'ybody roun' heah knowed dat,  
An' what she ses es gospel law,

I don't keer whar she at!  
Ef she shout fum de chariot er-rollin' froo de  
gate,  
"Sen' my nigger in ter me,"  
De angeul gwineter tetch es hat ter her,  
An' I ain' gwineter tell 'im I'm free.

A TRAGEDY IN SIAM

“The king of Siam, on being told that his eagerly expected heir was a girl, expired suddenly from heart failure.”—Press dispatch.

A king is dead in Siam, he has drawn his last per diem,  
And the flags are all at half-mast in the Kingdom  
of The Sun;

A little queen is sitting, with a baby on her knee,  
But the baby on her knee, is a she and not a he,  
And there is where the trouble all begun.

Her king was very lonely; one heir he wanted, only,  
To preserve his crown and sceptre from the  
honorable rust,  
And perpetuate the fame of his venerable name  
When the balance of himself was in the dust.

By an ancient law of Siam, older far than ancient  
Priam,  
The flapper sex could never mount the throne;  
No girl could it inherit, no matter what her merit,  
She could not rule, and also roll her own!

So 'twas very necessary, that something not called  
    Mary,  
Myrtle, Gladys, Jane nor Alice, should be dropped  
    into the palace  
When the friendly stork came planing down that  
    way;  
But something that the aunts could adorn with  
    little pants,  
And turn out in the palace grounds to play.

Yes, the king was lone and sad, and he wasn't half  
    way bad—  
    A pathetic little lad of rising forty-four;  
He had been to school in Britain, where the queens  
    do their own knittin'  
    And the kings, they didn't keep a harem, any-  
    more.

There they taught him the extensive wife-plant  
    was expensive,  
    And if he'd cut it out, it would save him coin,  
    galore,  
So, society to please, he sent his surplus Siamese  
    Wifelets back to mamma's arms, once more.

One by one, or two by two, he bade them all a  
fond adieu,  
And adjured them to remember, though they'd  
never meet again,  
That always he would miss them, and forever  
want to kiss them,  
And he wept, because it, honest, gave him pain.

All, but one dark-eyed and shady, very classic,  
little zaidee,—  
Lakshmi was her name,—and in a burst of  
princely fun  
He announced, “Because she Lakshmi, I shall  
keep this little lady,”  
And the whole East trembled at the pun.

Then he settled down to waiting, outside his one  
wife's grating,  
For an heir to share the glory of his family,  
and fame;  
But the years of heirs were barren, and the king  
he fell to swearin',  
“There is absolutely nothing, simply nothing,  
in a name!”

And he spent a gold simoleon, for the Life of  
one Napoleon;



And he studied merry England's Henry, Num-  
ber VIII;  
The little queen he banished, and from the court  
she vanished  
And the King of Siam took another mate.

Then dawned the fateful day, when the stork  
curved down that way,  
And to Papa came the nurse, something squirm-  
ing on her arm;  
And she giggled to the king, "Isn't SHE a dar-  
ling thing,—"  
But paused in justified alarm:

For the king was on his back, and his royal jowl  
was slack  
And a frozen horror glazed his rolling royal  
eyes;  
His dream of fame was shattered, though it very  
little mattered—  
Papa's toes were pointing to the skies.

COMING FROM THE FIELDS, 1860

This is a sunset song of negroes riding in from their work. One singer improvises; the person named replies; all join in the refrain, and then the chorus. The plan is indicated in the first stanza.

1st Voice. Sister Mary dere ain't no sun over  
yonner;

Mary. An' de hooperwill soon be erbout!

1st Voice. Sister Mandy, dere ain't no work up  
yonner!

Refrain. *An' de hooperwill soon be erbout!*

1st Voice. De mule done turn an' er walkin' in es  
track!

Mandy. An' de hoecake soon be erbout!

1st Voice. Dere's water en de trough, and fodder  
en de rack!

Refrain. *An' de hoecake soon be erbout!*

CHORUS:

*Look over yonner what I see;  
De Angels er callin' me home!  
Look over yonner what I see;  
De angels callin' me home!*

Sister Tempy de moon comin' up over  
yonner!

An' de banjo soon erbout!

Sister Liza der ain't no work up yonner!  
An' de banjo soon be erbout!

De time mos' come fer ter heel an' toe!  
*Ol' Morris soon be erbout!*  
 Er pattin' wid es foot, an' scrapin' wid  
 es bow!  
 Ol' Morris soon be erbout!

Chorus:  
 Look over yonner what I see! etc.

Brer' Alec dem taters is er growin' up  
 yonner!  
 An' de possum soon be erbout!  
 (Oomph!)  
 De coon track wet on top er de log!  
*An' de possum soon be erbout!*  
 Dere's possum en de tree when you  
 heah my dog!  
*An' dis nigger soon be erbout!*

Chorus:  
 Look over yonner what I see! etc.

Sister Calline you ridin' mighty high  
 up yonner!  
 An' Willis soon be erbout!  
 (Laughter)

Sister Calline you look mighty putty up  
yonner!

*An' Willis soon be erbout! (Yes,  
Lord!)*

You Bill, why'ny ye git down an' open dat gate!  
Boy, ef I hits you wid dese here lines u gointer  
think de lightnin' got yer! Let dat mule go 'long;  
he know de way ter de trough! Hol' de gate open.  
Git up Scott!

Dere's grease en de pot an' de hoecake's  
done!

An' fat meat soon be erbout!

An' I'm mighty glad dis day's work  
done!

*An' fat meat soon be erbout!*

Chorus: Look over yonner, etc.

Sister Tilley de cows en de laine, up  
yonner!

An' de milkpail soon be erbout!

Sister Tilley de calf is er callin' up  
yonner!

*An' de milkpail soon be erbout!*

I'm ergointer hang dis bridle on de rack!  
An' er loose mule soon be erbout!

(Loose mule: HONK-E-HONKE-E-E-HONK-  
ERHONK-ERHONK-ERHONK)

Go 'long Brer Mule an' waller on yo'  
back!  
*An' er loose mule soon be erbout!*

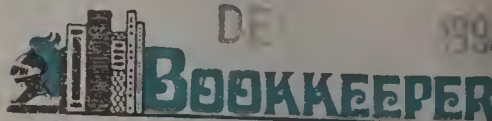
WHOA SCOTT! Mule, ef dem heels hadder  
hit me I'd er bust' yer wide open! Dern er mule,  
anyhow!

CHORUS:

*Look over yonner what I see;  
De angels callin' me home;  
Look over yonner what I see;  
De angels callin' me home!*



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date:



PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, L.P.

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

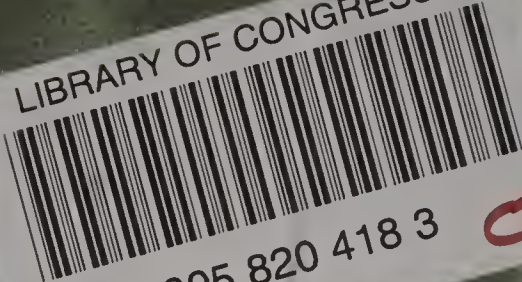
(724) 779-2111

NIS



MAY 24 1931

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 820 418 3

